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THE
M O R A L S
O F
E P I C T E T U S;
Made ENGLISH,
IN A
POETICAL PARAPHRASE.

By ELLIS WALKER, M. A.

*I know none that challenges more esteem than this book;
the instructions are so wise, the allusions so lively, the
exhortations so moving, and the arguments so strong,
that they may well be allowed not only to convince our
reason, but to excite our greatest admiration.*

Dr. STANHOPE in his Preface to EPICTETUS's Morals.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. and D. Dodsley, Pall-Mall; J. Durham
Strand; and G. Field, Paternoster-Row. 1764.

1608/4560



To my Honour'd Uncle

Mr. SAMUEL WALKER
Of YORK.

WHEN I fled to you for shelter, at the breaking out of the present troubles in Ireland, I took Epictetus for my companion; and found that both I, and my friend were welcome. You were then pleas'd to express an high esteem for the author, as he very well deserves it: you prais'd his notions as great, noble, and sublime, and much exceeding the pitch of other

Epistle Dedicatory.

thinkers. You may remember, I then told you, that as they seem'd such to me, so I thought they would very well take a poetical dress: you said the attempt was bold, but withal wish'd it well done. I, hurry'd on with zeal for an author belov'd by you, and admired by all, have made the essay a grateful diversion to me, though perhaps I may have pleas'd you better in admiring the author, than in translating him. However having attempted it, to whom should I dedicate my endeavours but to you, whose goodness gave me so kind a reception, whose bounty re-

Epistle Dedicatory.

lieved me in an undone condition, and afforded me the leifure and opportunity to shew my desire of pleasing you, if fuch a trifle as this can any way pretend to please. Epistles of this kind are for the most part tokens of gratitude; I know no one in the world, to whom I am so much oblig'd as I am to you, and I make it my request, that you will accept of this, as an hearty and thankful acknowledgement, from

*Your most humble servant,
and affectionate nephew;*

ELLIS WALKER.

Received me in an unbecom-
dition; and afforded me the
leisure and opportunity to
show my desire of pleasing
you, if such a time as this can
any way pretend to please.
I possess of this kind are for
the most part tokens of gra-
titude; I know no one in the
world to whom I am so much
obliged as I am to you, and I
make it my request, that you
will accept of this as an hearty
and thankful acknowledgement
from

Your most humble servant

and affectionate nephew

LILLIS WALKER



In praise of *EPICETUS*.

GREAT EPICETUS, pardon if we praise!

'Tis not thy character to raise:

The top of all fame's pyramid is thine,

Where in her brightest glories thou dost shine;

Where, though unsought by thee,

She gives thee her eternity,

And bears you to the height you scorn'd to climb.

In speaking all that's good of you, she shews,

That now and then, how to speak truth she knows,

All admire what's truly good,

And that they do so, all would have it understood;

There's then a right, which to ourselves we do

In praising, reading, and translating you.

II.

Thousands have been esteem'd for having writ,

And in time's chronicles do justly live,

With all th' applause that letter'd fame can give.

But you with brave disdain

Despise the common road to fame,

That old stale trick, as known an artifice,

As pimping for acquiring greatness is.

By a great method of your own,

You by not writing are more glorious grown;

For every word that from you fell,

Your hearers have receiv'd as from an oracle,

And handed down to us; for so it was fit

That your immortal wit

Should ever live, without your seeking it.

III.

None (as mere men) but you, could ever reach
 The pitch of living up to what they teach,
 And could you have receded from
 Your noble principles resolv'd upon,
 What vast preferments might such parts have had?
 What offers had not fortune made?
 But blind and foolish though she be,
 Full well she knew that she,
 With all her outward gifts could nothing add to thee:
 You generously brave,
 Ennoble the opprobrious name of slave;
 And shew, a wise man may be truly great
 In each condition, ev'ry state.

IV.

Thine was intrinsic greatness, real worth,
 No painted Ixion cloud, no glittering froth,
 Not such as doth consist in store
 Of houses or of land,
 The prey, the sport of fire, or of the stronger hand;
 Nor was it varnish'd o'er
 With riches, which proud churlcs enslave,
 Which knaves board up, for some more daring knave,
 Nor such as glory in the bended knee
 Of sycophant servility,
 Which, when the humble wretch his ends doth gain,
 He may grow saucy, and detain:
 No; 'twas substantial greatness of the soul,
 Such as no outward power can controul,
 Such as can nothing fear, can nothing want:
 This we true greatness justly grant.

...er'ce shews, how well you have confin'd
... happiness, all greatness, to the mind.

For he, that sees the captive led along,

Pensive, amidst the bellowing throng,

With folded arms, his grandeur laid aside;

And then another with mean flattery

Courting the rascal herd, the senseless mobile,

Stroaking the beast that he intends to ride,

And all to gratify his boundless pride:

He, who in history runs o'er

The worthies that have liv'd before,

And sees great Dioclesian quit his seat,

His princely palace for a cool retreat,

And sees the fierce Pelean youth bestride

The conquer'd globe, and weep dissatisfy'd;

He must of force confess,

Nothing without can give true happiness;

And all his heroes of antiquity

Slaves in an eminent degree;

And only Epictetus truly great and free,

U P O N
E P I C T E T U S
His M O R A L S.

KIND reader, if thou only art
Christian in name, and not in heart,
Or hast an hope thyself t' approve
Without true faith, or heav'nly love,
View in this book (and be aham'd)
An Heathen far for virtue fam'd.

That SAVING ~~name~~ he never knew,
Whereof we boast, but nothing do:
Yet if the knowledge Christians have,
Without a working faith can't save;
Who knows, since his good works were free,
And forc'd his ignorance, but he
May be accepted, being made
A law t' himself, which he obey'd?

In slavery he was confin'd:
But a free monarch in his mind;
His body maim'd, his fortune poor,
But his rich soul aloft did soar,
And nobly left the droffy ground,
And spurn'd the earth, to which we're bound.
Malice, and calumny, and pride,
Could ne'er in him triumphant ride;
Envy his bosom ne'er did stain;
He never falsely swore for gain;
Revenge to him was never sweet,
Nor fraud which ev'ry where we meet,

The dazzling rays of beauty's flame,
 And passion, which the world doth tame,
 False interest, Astræa's foe,
 And vice, which all too much do know,
 And fond opinion's gaudy show :
 All these he bravely did despise :
 On virtue only fix'd his eyes,
 And laugh'd at fortune's giddy pow'r ;
 Contemn'd her sweet, nor fear'd her sour.
 No bribes nor threats could make him start ;
 Nor loss nor pain afflict his heart.

He saw the world was mean and low,
 Patrons a lie, friendship a show ;
 Preferment trouble, grandeur vain ;
 Law a pretence, a bubble pain ;
 Merit a flash, a blaze esteem ;
 Promise a rush, and hope a dream ;
 Faith a disguise, and truth deceit ;
 Wealth but a trap, and health a cheat :
 These dangerous rocks this pilot knew,
 And wisely into port withdrew,
 Let all these outward things alone,
 To hold what only was his own,
 The rightful empire of the mind,
 Whence all our acts their rise do find ;
 Whence all our motions freely flow,
 Our judgment and our reason too,
 Whereon our whole success depends ;
 The last and greatest of all ends !

This doctrine, with such wisdom fraught,
 Great EPICURE liv'd and taught ;
 Christian, make haste and learn his wit :—
 I fear, thou'rt scarce an Heathen yet.

Emanuel College,
 Cambridge,
 Sept. 28. 1691.

Joshua Barnes.

Εἰς τὸ Ἐγχειρίδιον Ἐπικλήτους ἐξ Ἀθολογίας. *

ΜΗτις Ἐπικλήτοιο τιῶ ἐνὶ καρτεῖο θυμῷ,
Ὅφρα κεν εἰσαφίκοιο καὶ οὐρανὸς κεινῶνας
Ψυχὴν ὑψικέλυσθον ἐλαφρῶζον ἀπὸ Γαίης.

Εἰς αὐτὸ τὸ.

Ὅς κεν Ἐπικλήτοιο Λοφὴν τελίσσει μῦθον,
Μοιτιάει, βίοτοιο γαληνίσσον ἐνὶ ποταμῷ,
Καὶ μετὰ Ναυσιλίου βιοθήσει εἰσαφικάνει
Οὐρανὸν ἀψίδα καὶ ἀστερὶν Περσέην.

Λεωνίδα εἰς Ἐπικλήτου. †

Δῖλος Ἐπικλήτης γενόμεν, καὶ σῶμ' ἀ-άπρος,
Καὶ πένην ἴρος; καὶ φίλος Αθανάτοισ.

Upon *EPICTETUS* his Little Book, taken out of
the Greek Epigrams.

THE sense, which Epictetus doth impart,
Consider well and treasure in your heart:
That so your soul from earth aloft may rise,
Aspiring to her native seat, the skies.

On the same.

H F. that great Epictetus truly knows,
Amid life's storms serene and smiling goes;
Till nature's voyage finish'd, he at last
Safe anchor in the port of heav'n doth cast.

Leonidas upon Epictetus.

A slave I was of fortune's favours bare,
In body maim'd, and yet to heaven dear.

* Lib. 1. p. 117. Edit. H. Steph. 1566.

† P. 289 *ibid.*

Another by the same hand.

Blest Epictetus! Where's thy virtue gone?
I read of none like thee, but only one;
Of all the Heathens, that's the * perfect one,
Whom earth, and heaven, and hell in vain did try
To shake from his renown'd integrity.
Elijah to Elishah left his robe,
Thou hadst thy mantle from the upright Job;
Mirrōr of virtue and integrity,
Pattern of patience, and of constancy.
But fear'd on earth, Astræa, Job, and you
Are fled to heaven, and carry'd your mantle too:
O drop it down to cover naked souls,
Call'd Christians, but indeed poor vitious fools,
Disrob'd of virtue, shivering, cold and bare,
Clad with those dirty rags you scorn'd to wear,
Tho' in a cottage, coarse as was your fare.

—————If Heathens be so good, O then let me
Not a false Christian but a Heathen be,
The devil dwells in him, but God in thee.

* Job, chap. I.

Oct. 29. 1691.

M. B.

An Acrostick an the ingenious Translator
Mr. Ellis Walker.

E ngland and Athens now are join'd in one;
L earned Epictetus sings in th' English tone.
L ay by his rusty book of crabbed Greek;
I n English poetry you hear him speak.
S o all the dark-tongu'd oracles of Greece,
W hen truth shot forth full beams, did hold their peace.
A ll you that would philosophers appear,
L earn nature's laws, in charming numbers here:
K eep home, you need no more to Athens run:
E 'er long they all from thence to England come: }
R ead here and you will find them all out-done.

Ezekiel Brifted, A. M.

T O
 Mr. *ELLIS WALKER*,
 O N H I S
 Paraphrastical Translation
 O F
E P I C T E T U S
 Into *English Verse*.

Virtue has such a shape and mien,
 They say, that could she but be seen,
 The guilty world would cease t'adore
 Her rival vice, and dote on her.
 Her nat'ral charms alone are such,
 They ne'er could dote on her too much;
 Whilst vice, with all her borrow'd dres,
 Can scarce conceal her ugliness.
 Although the crowd, whose reason lies
 Not in their judgment, but their eyes,
 Led by appearances away,
 Her, as their sov'reign pow'r, obey:
 Whilst the more wise, consid'rate few,
 Who judge not till a second view,
 Having unrob'd her, soon perceive
 Her dress doth all her beauty give.
 So have I in a crowd survey'd
 A beauteous, but an ill-dress'd maid,
 And an old woman standing by
 With jewels and deformity:
 And from the distance of the place,
 Concluded that the beauteous face
 Was there, where the best dressing was:

But soon as e'er I nearer drew,
I found my judgment was untrue,
And curs'd the partial fates, who gave
To wither'd age what youth should have.
For though no artificial dress
Charms like its nat'ral nakedness,
Yet since that use prevails so far,
That every one some dress must wear,
The best doth best become the fair.
And yet philosophy, till now,
In home-spun prose was us'd to go,
Whilst Phœbus, and the Nine, in state
Did on ill-govern'd passions wait,
Till you, more wise, did kindly teach
Apollo, what he ought to preach.
You from the dowdy took the dress,
And did it upon beauty place.
True, Epictetus did disclose
Th' angelic maid at first in prose :
He first the fair idea saw
By halves, and but by halves did draw :
He dug the ore first from the mine,
But you refin'd it, made it coin :
He an unfinish'd picture drew,
Which now is made compleat by you.
Bold man !——Since there was never yet
One found, who pencil durst to set
T' Apelle's Venus, how durst you
Conclude that daught which Epictetus drew ?
A picture which exceeds as far
His, as the sun the meanest star,
For there the body's beauties shin'd,
But here the beauties of the mind.

By the same hand.

THus the divine Lucretius heretofore,
Great Epicurus' doctrine did restore;
He taught the antient Latins first to know
The cause of hail, of thunder, ice, and snow:
He sung of nature's works; his daring muse
Did not her deepest mysteries refuse,
But ventur'd boldly out, and bravely first
At untouch'd virgin streams did quench her thirst.
He clad philosophy in a taking dress,
Taught her at once how to instruct and please:
The work was great, worth that immortal fame
Which does, and ever shall attend his name.
Him you succeed in time, though your design
Is nobler far than his, and more divine:
He sang the knowledge of corporeal things,
Your muse the soul and her improvements sings;
By how much form than matter better is,
So much your subject is more worth than his;
Nor is your author had in less esteem
Than that great man so much admir'd by him.
Not that we'd add to Epictetus' fame
By taking ought from Epicurus' name,
Both justly immortality do claim;
Both wrote in Greek, both their translators sung
Their authors meaning in their native tongue;
Both rich in numbers, both divinely great,
Both seem to write their own, and not translate;
Both seem alike to merit equal praise,
And both alike seem to deserve the bays:
In this alone he is by you out-done,
The prize is greater far for which you run,
Yet at the goal as soon as he you come.

WILLIAM CLARK
Of Katharine Hall in Cambridge

To the Author on his Poetical Version of
Epictetus his Manual.

WHil't others into nature's secrets pry,
And as their mistrefs court philosophy,
Whil't there they ransack thro' the hidden store,
To search for wisdom, as the glitt'ring ore;
In vain do they the eager suit renew,
In vain the treach'rous flying guide pursue,
Thro' various and perplexed mazes led,
Truth's still in darkness undiscovered.

Here disengag'd the soul is nobly fraught
With maxims, which the wise and learn'd have taught.
From fancy and opinion wholly free,
She now regains and keeps her liberty :
Calm and sedate, as freed from grief and pain,
She still enjoys a peaceful halcyon reign ;
Shewing how few things happiness do make,
And what it is men call so by mistake.
Such were these rules ; but 'tis to you we owe,
That they in numbers and in measure flow ;
So bards and druids under awful shade
Of rev'rend aged oak, of old convey'd
Their sacred verse to the admiring throng,
And taught 'em virtue as they heard their song,
These were our native prophets ; such are you,
Prophet, philosopher and poet too.

Emanuel College,
Sept. 28. 1691.

WILL. PEIRSE.

THE LIFE of *EPICTETUS*.

EPictetus was born about the end of Nero's empire, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia: during the first years of his life, he was a slave to Epaphroditus, a libertine and captain of Nero's life guard, of whom there is nothing remarkable, but only his being master of so renowned a slave. How he obtained his liberty and became a philosopher of the stoick sect, is uncertain; only this we find, that he upon the edict made in the eighth year of Domitian's empire, was forced as a philosopher to quit the city of Rome and Italy, and amongst others to retire to Nicopolis, a city of Epirus, called by the moderns Prevesa. He had far renounced ostentation and ambition, then reigning vices amongst all the philosophers; and tho' he was much esteemed by the emperor Adrian and his successors, in whose reigns he lived; yet we have no grounds to believe, that any of them bestowed upon him so much, as might set him above even extreme poverty. The reason of this probably was his obstinate contempt of riches, which would not suffer any favours of that kind to be fastened upon him. For as Vincentius Obsepius witnesseth, his house at Rome was without a door, his attendance only an old servant maid, and all his household-stuff, an earthen lamp; to the

The Life of EPICTETUS.

light of which we owe those beautiful, those divine thoughts, of which Arrian hath preserved these noble remains. This after his death was so much valued (Lucian reporting it) that it was sold for three thousand drachmas, or groats: the purchaser thinking that if by night he constantly read thereby, he should not only attain his wisdom, but grow into equal admiration. Epictetus would have all philosophy to consist in continence and patience, for which reason he had always those two words in his mouth, *bear* and *forbear*; words which in Greek have a peculiar elegance, there being but the difference of a single letter between them, and which were generally as well practis'd as taught by him; for during the time of his slavery, his brutal master Epaphroditus would make it his ordinary pastime to wrench Epictetus, his slave's leg; who smilingly and without the least passion told him, that if he continu'd his sport, he would break it, which accordingly he did. Did not I tell you, (then said he) you would break my leg? How great a piece of patience was this, scarce to be parallel'd, except in this other of his own, which was, that when his iron lamp he much valu'd, was stolen out of his hut, all he said, was, I shall deceive a thief to morrow, for if he come for another, it shall be an earthen one. And he was not only a great maintainer of this single virtue patience; but likewise a

The Life of EPICURETUS.

practiser as well as maintainer of all the rest in general: For as there was not any one in his time that did so many good actions as he, so was there not any that made it so much his business to conceal them; being of opinion, that a true philosopher ought to do, and not to speak. But that which seems to be the peculiar glory and commendation of him, is, that of all the ancient philosophers, he seems to have made the nearest approaches to the true christian morality. His doctrines were in truth so very agreeable to ours, that St. Augustin, notwithstanding his violent prejudice against the generality of the heathen philosophers, thought himself in justice bound to make one exception at least, and to speak of this author with a great deal of respect; nay, he proceeds so far as to honour him with the character of a very wise and exceeding good man. It is but reasonable he should be treated in so different a manner, when we reflect, how clearly he was convinc'd of, and how nobly he argues for the immortality of the soul; the unity and perfections of God; the wisdom and goodness of providence; and which can be said of none besides, when humility was so truly his character, that neither his morals nor his practice have the least tincture of vanity. To sum up all, an admirable modesty, a profound wisdom, and above all, an inflexible

The Life of EPICTETUS.

Integrity were very remarkable in him, and they recommended him not only to the admiration of all in general, but also in particular to the esteem and friendship of the greatest persons of his age, who bore him the greatest veneration. For whatever he said, carried such force, and met with so general acceptance and respect, that no body could stand out against his arguments. He died in the 901 year after the foundation of Rome, and agreeing to the year of our Lord 151, in or about the 96 year of his age; since which time this following book of his hath continued in such estimation, as many learned hands have been employed in the explanation of it in their own language, and some in the rendering it into others. Of the first Simplicius, our learned Casaubon, and several others, who have writ their commentaries thereon. Of the last, Monsieur Du Vair, and Monsieur Boileau in French: Mr. Davys, and Mr. Healey in English; which now Mr. Walker hath not only again translated, but also exceeding them all, hath adorned with most elegant verse.

THE
MORALS
OF
EPICTETUS;
Made ENGLISH,
IN A
Poetical PARAPHRASE.

I.

Respecting man, things are divided thus:
Some do not, and some do belong to us.
Some within compass of our pow'r do fall,
And these are they, which we our own may call.
Such an allegiance all our deeds declare,
Such our endeavours, thoughts, aversions are,
Such our desires; but honour, greatness, wealth,
Our bodies, life, and life's chief comfort, health,

A

With all things else, with every other kind,
 (That own not a dependence on the mind)
 Which mortals, with concern, desire or fear,
 Are such as are not in our pow'r or sphere.

II.

Those actions which are purely ours are free
 By nature such, as cannot hinder'd be,
 Above the stroke of chance or destiny.
 But those, o'er which our pow'r does bear no sway
 Are poor, another's, servile, and obey
 The hind'rance of each rub, that stops the way.

III.

If then thou shouldst suppose those things are free,
 Whose nature is condemn'd to slavery;
 Shouldst thou suppose, what is not thine, thy own.
 'Twill cost thee many a sigh, and many a groan;
 Many a disappointment wilt thou find
 Abortive hopes, and a distracted mind,
 And oft accuse, nay, curse, both gods and men,
 And lay thy own rash foolish fault on them.
 But if, what's truly thine, thou truly know,
 Not judging that thine own, that is not so,
 None shall compell thee, none an hindrance be,
 No sorrow shalt thou know, no enemy;
 None shall thy body hurt, or name abuse,
 None shalt thou blame in anger, none accuse,
 Nor shalt thou poorly be oblig'd to do,
 What thy great soul doth not consent unto.

IV.

If then thou dost desire such things as these,
 If thou wouldst tread these flow'ry ways of peace,
 Remember that with fervency and care,
 Not chill'd with cold indiff'rence, thou prepare.
 Some things must be to thy dear self deny'd
 For a short space, some wholly laid aside.

of EPICTETUS.

3

For if at once thou dost desire to reign,
Be rich, and yet true happiness attain;
That is, at once, be very wise and vain;
By this impartial chase, 'tis likely you
Both games may lose, which you at once pursue;
Desiring this, you wealth and pow'r may lose,
True happiness destroy pursuing those:
You by one care the other will defeat,
And neither happy be, nor rich, nor great.

V.

When Fancy then with her black train appears,
Of difficulties, dangers, hardships, fears,
With a pale ghastly face, whose awful frown
Frights sleep away, and hardens beds of down,
Be ready to say thus: 'That which I see,
'Is not indeed that which it seems to be.'
Then strait examine it, and try it by
Those rules thou hast, but thus especially,
Whether it points at things in us or no;
If not at things which in our pow'r we know;
'Tis but a bug-bear dream, an empty show;
Of no concern to thee, like clouds that fly
In various forms, and vanish in the sky.

VI.

With our aversions and desires doth rise
A smiling twin-born hope, whose flatteries
Do equally themselves to each divide,
And with the like kind looks sooth either side,
This, with a promise of obtaining fires
The eager mind, and tickles the desires;
This promiseth that something we shall shun
From which we are averse, from which we run
Now what misfortunes, vulture-like, attend
The wretch, that's disappointed of his end!

And, ah! what real grief doth him surprize,
 Who suffers that, from which with care he flies!
 If then thou only dost such things decline,
 As are within thy pow'r, by nature thine,
 Nothing shall ever frustrate thy design.
 But if sickness, want, or death, thou fly
 In sorrows thou shalt live, in terrors die.

VII.

Therefore be sure that thy aversions fall
 Only on things which thou thy own may'st call,
 But for the present all desires suspend,
 For if to things not in thy pow'r they tend,
 Folly and grief thou'lt find; but lose thy end.
 And as for things, ev'n in thy pow'r, what fit,
 It may be well presum'd, thou know'st not yet.
 What's most to be esteem'd, what most admir'd,
 What with most fervency and zeal desir'd.
 Be wary then, as cautious gen'als are,
 When they for entrance at some breach prepare,
 Where ambuscade, or bursting mines they fear.
 Do not engage so soon, 'till reason scout,
 And first survey the object round about;
 Think that dark snares thick in thy paths are laid,
 Think that each step may on some danger tread,
 Approach with prudent leisure, that with ease
 You may withdraw your forces when you please.

VIII.

In things that charm the soul, which love incite,
 By nature's force, use, profit, or delight,
 Beginning from the meanest things, that share
 Thy tender thoughts consider what they are.
 As thus: suppose some modish new device,
 Of potter's skill in earthen ware thou prize,
 Consider 'tis but varnish'd clay, that's broke
 By every light and accidental stroke;

Thus when the pleasing toy you broken find,
The puny loss shall not disturb your mind.
Thus if a kind soft wife, or prattling boy,
With beauty charm, and a paternal joy,
Consider these dear objects of thy love,
Which round thy heart with so much pleasure move,
Are but mere mortal pots of finer clay,
Wrought with more art, more subject to decay;
Poor, feeble, sickly things, of human kind,
To the long cares of a short life confin'd,
The riotous sport of death, whose beauties must
Crumble to their first principles of dust.
Arm'd with these thoughts, thou never shalt bewail
The loss of things so ruinous and frail.

IX.

In ev'ry thing thou undertak'st, 'tis fit
Thou in true judgment's scales examine it:
Weigh ev'ry circumstance, each consequence,
And usual accident arising thence.
And thus: suppose you for the Bath prepare,
Consider the disorders frequent there,
One throwing water in another's face,
Some railing, others jostled from their place;
This bully giving, that receiving, blows,
Some picking pockets, others stealing cloaths.
With safety thus you the wish'd port may make,
If thus you preface what you undertake;
' I'll instantly go wash, resolv'd to do
' What nature and my will incline me to.'
And thus in all things else, prepare thy mind,
And though, perhaps, thou some disturbance find,
When thou prepar'st to wash, unshock'd thou'lt say,
' This hindrance I expected in my way:
' This I considered, when resolv'd to do
' What nature and my will inclin'd me to.'

'This I resolv'd on.' For we needs must miss
Our purpos'd end, when vex'd at things like this.

X.

Unjustly men of nature's laws complain,
As cause of all their misery and pain.
Nothing in nature can afflict them, no;
'Tis their opinion only breeds their woe;
If wretched, that alone hath made him so.
They their own Bridewel in their breasts do bear,
And their own judge and executioner.
Not death itself (how grim so'er it seem,)
Is truly terrible, or it had been
As dreadful to great Socrates as thee,
Ev'n his strong soul had shrunk with fear, but he
Out star'd the prejudice, and shew'd 'twas mean,
A notion void of sense, a waking dream,
Such as from ill-digested thoughts doth steam;
A monster, which thou paint'st with hollow eyes,
Attended with sad looks, and mournful cries;
A scare-crow, which thine own opinion made,
From this thou fly'st, of this thou art afraid.
* When then we meet some check in some design,
When at each little hindrance we repine,
Let's lay the fault at our own doors, and blame
The giddy whimsies which our fancies frame,
Those ill-shap'd Centaurs of a cloudy brain.
To blame another for things manag'd ill,
Things subject to thy pow'r, and sov'reign will,
Shews want of thought, philosophy and skill.
'To blame thyself shews thou hast but begun'
'The glorious race, nor hast it thoroughly run;
He that blames neither, only wins the prize,
Is justly crown'd by all, is only wise.

* Here I join two chapters together, because in some books
I find them so, and the sense requires it.

XI.

Be not transported with too great a sense
 Of any outward object's excellence;
 For should the pamper'd courser which you feed,
 Of swiftest heels, and of the noblest breed,
 Through sense of vigour, strength of oats and hay,
 From his full manger turn his head, and say,
 'Am I not beautiful, and sleek, and gay!' }
 'Twere to be borne in him, the speech might suit
 The parts and education of the brute:
 But when with too much pleasure you admire
 Your horse's worth, and vainly boast his fire,
 And tire us out with endless idle prate }
 About his crest, his colour, or his gait;
 'Tis plain you think his owner fortunate. }
 You're proud he's yours, and vainly claim as due:
 What to the beast belongs, and not to you.
 Too plainly is your selfish folly shewn,
 Adding your horse's virtues to your own,
 Well then; perhaps you'll ask, 'What's yours of
 these
 'Dear outward things, that seem so much to please?
 Why nothing but the use: if then you chuse }
 What's truly good, what is not so, refuse: }
 If the well-chosen good you rightly use
 As nature's light informs you, then alone
 You may rejoice in something of your own.

XII.

As in a voyage, when you at anchor ride,
 You go on shore fresh water to provide;
 And perhaps gather what you chance to find,
 Shell-fish, or roots of palatable kind,
 Yet still you ought to fix your greatest care
 Upon your ship, upon your bus'ness there:

Still thoughtful, lest perhaps the master call;
 Which if he do, then you must part with all
 Those darling trifles, that retard your haste,
 Lest, bound like sheep, you by constraint are cast
 Into the hold. Thus, in your course of life,
 Suppose you a lovely son, or beauteous wife,
 Instead of those less pleasing trinkets, find,
 And bless your stars, and think your fortune kind;
 Yet still be ready, if the master call,
 To cast thy burthen down and part with all
 Forsake the beauteous wife and lovely son,
 Run to thy ship without reluctance run,
 Nor look behind: but, if grown old and gray,
 Keep always near thy ship, and never stay }
 To stoop for worthless lumber on the way.
 Short is the time allow'd to make thy coast,
 Which must not for such tasteless joy be lost,
 Thy rev'rend play-things will but ill appear: }
 Besides, thou'lt find they'll cost thee very dear: }
 'Tis well if age can its own weakness bear,
 Unmann'd with dotage; when thou'rt call'd upon
 How wilt thou drag the tiresome luggage on?
 With tears and sighs much folly thou'lt betray,
 And crawl with pain undecently away.

XIII.

Wish not that things, not in your pow'r, may run
 As you would have them; wish them as they're done;
 Wish them just as they are, just as you see;
 Thus shall you never disappointed be.
 You seem some sharp disease to undergo,
 Alas! 'tis vain to wish it were not so;
 'Tis but the body's pain, a surly ill,
 Which may impede the body, not the will:
 For all the actions of th' obsequious mind
 Are in thy pow'r, to thy own choice confin'd.

Thus strength and vigour may thy nerves forsake,
And lameness from thy feet all motion take,
But can in thee not the least hindrance make.
'Tis in thy pow'r to resolve not to go,
Judge if it be an hindrance or no.
Thou on thy feet may'st an embargo lay,
As well as chance or natural decay.
Consider thus, in all things else thou'lt find
Nothing can hinder, or confine the mind;
In spite of ev'ry accident thou'rt free,
Those hinder something else, but cannot thee.

XIV.

In ev'ry thing that happens search your mind
And try what force, what faculties you find
For the encounter of the object fit,
In the same moment when you meet with it:
As if some beauteous female you espy,
Whose pow'rful air detains your wond'ring eye,
Straight ransacking the treasures of your soul,
You'll find strong temp'rance will that pow'r con-
Whose cool directions presently assuage [troul,
The keenest fires, the dog-star beauty's rage:
These (if you mean to conquer) soon disarm
Each soft'ning smile, and each obliging charm.
Are any hardships of laborious weight
Impos'd? by fortitude they're conquer'd straight,
Nor rowling seas, nor an impetuous wind
Can overset this ballast of the mind;
Secure of storms you on the billows ride,
And stem the furious current of the tide,
Are you abus'd? hath any done you wrong
By the base venom of a railing-tongue?
Soft patience gives an easy remedy,
Deadens the force of the artillery;
The poyson spreads into the yielding air,
Unhurt you find it pass, and vanish there.

In your own breast you'll always find supply
Of aid: If you but make this scrutiny,
No entrance of the foe you need to fear,
You'll find th' avenues guarded ev'ry where.

XV.

With men 'tis usual, when depriv'd of ought
Which with much pleasure entertain'd the thought,
To say, that such a thing they've lost: In you,
Who the great search of wisdom do pursue,
To say, You've lost, is mean; say you've restor'd
What bounteous God did for a while afford.
Thy only son, thy dearest hope is dead;
Why do'st thou beat thy breast, and shake thy head?
Why man? he's but restor'd, return'd again,
To the kind owner's hand from whence he came.
Thou'st lost thy land by fraud? a vain mistake!
How is that lost that is but given back?
' But he that thus deceiv'd me, was not he
' A villain, and a knave? What's that to thee?
What is't to thee? Is he a knave or no
By whom he takes who did the gift bestow;
Was't not his own? Thou'lt grant me, I suppose,
To whom he would, he might of's own dispose.
While he allows, use what belongs to him,
Not as thy own, as travellers their inn.
Who, as at home, are treated while they pay,
But claim no title longer than they stay.

XVI.

You would be wise, I'll teach you if you please,
Withdraw your mind from such wild thoughts as
 • If I my wonted diligence forget, [these }
 • My gainful drudgery; how shall I eat? }
 • I certainly shall starve for want of meat.
 • If I indulge, and not chastise my boy,
 • My lenity his morals may destroy;

He still will steer the course he hath begun,
And to the very height of lewdness run.
I tell thee, mortal, that 'tis better far,
To dye with thirst and hunger, free from care,
With a serene and an undaunted mind,
Than live in wealth to its dire cares confin'd.
As for the boy, 'tis better far that he
Become a proverb for debauchery;
'Tis better he were hang'd *, than thou should'st
share

A moment's grief by thy reforming care:
' But this is more than difficult, you'll say,
' Too hard a rule for flesh and blood t'obey.
Yet by a former rule 'tis easy made:
Begin by smallest things, as I have said;
Suppose thy wine be stollen, thy oil be shed;
And thus take comfort: ' Where's the loss, if I
' At such a rate tranquillity can buy?
' If constancy at such a rate be bought?
' And there's not any thing that's got for nought?
Suppose you call your servant, he's at play;
Or when he's present, mind not what you say;
And is the quiet of thy soul perplex'd
At this? he gets the better if thou'rt vex'd;
He grows your master, while he can torment;
Give not such pow'r to the vile negligent.

XVII.

Would you be wise? ne'er take it ill you're thought
A fool, because you tamely set at naught
Things not within your pow'r, but pass them by
Without a wish, with a regardless eye;

* 'Tis desired that the wise will not be offended at this word, for if it be no matter, and of no concern, whether the boy be lewd or not, it is no matter, and of no concern whether the boy be hang'd; for this likewise, *Tōv ἄνδρ' ἡμῶν.*

A senseless stock, because no loss or pain
 Makes you lament or childishly complain.
 Never pretend to skill, nor wish to seem
 Deep learn'd, nor court a popular esteem:
 But if, admir'd by men, you pass for wise,
 And draw their list'ning ears, and foll'wing eyes,
 Rather mistrust, and doubt yourself from thence,
 They're oftner fond of folly than of sense;
 While they admire, while you their praises hear,
 You're nearer to the fool than e'er you were:
 'Tis very likely some gross vanity,
 They fancy in themselves, and love to see
 Ripen'd in you to full maturity:
 As lust of glory, or a strong desire
 Of wealth, or pow'r, or splendour in attire,
 'Tis altogether vain, to think t'adhere
 To the strict principles agreed on here,
 While you the course quite contrary do steer,
 To things not in your pow'r; which if you reach,
 You needs must quit the discipline we teach.

XVIII.

If thou desir'st thy children, friends or wife
 Should never die, but share immortal life
 With the blest Gods, 'tis perfect lunacy;
 Bedlam hath many a wiser man than thee:
 A doctor and dark room may do thee good;
 Take physick, I advise thee, and let blood.
 Will nothing but impossibles go down?
 Thou wishest that what's not in thy pow'r, may
 own
 Subjection to thy will; and would'st confine
 What's in another's pow'r to be in thine.
 Thus if thou wish thy son may blameless be,
 Though he hath rak'd the sink of infamy,
 'Tis a return of thy infirmity;

A spice of madness still : As well you might
Wish vice were virtue, wish that black were white.
' Is wilhing then deny'd? And must our mind
' To the dull present only be confin'd?
No, doubtless you may wish : nor need you fear
Defeat, provide you wish within your sphere.

XIX.

Him, and him only, we may justly call
The pow'rful lord, the sovereign of all;
Whose power is such, that, as he lists, he may
Keep what he will, or give, or take away
If then thou would'st be free, a monarch still;
Nor wish, nor shun, what's in another's will.
Thus what you would you shun, or wish you have,
Thus are you free, or otherwise, a slave.

XX.

With the same manners, which, when you're a
guest
You use at some rich neighbour's sumptuous feast,
Manage the rest of your affairs of life
With easy conversation, void of strife;
Void of rude noise : As when some novelty
Is handed round the table ; if 'tis nigh,
Stretch forth your hand, take share with modesty;
If it pass by do not detain by force,
Nor snatch at it, 'twill shew your breeding coarse;
Is it not near you yet, at distance plac'd,
Shew not your greediness by too much haste,
Nor, like a hungry waiter standing by,
Devour it at a distance with your eye.
Abstain a while, 'tis but a minute's fast,
Take patience, man, 'twill surely come at last.
Now if the same behaviour be your guide,
In all the actions of your life beside,

As in respect of children, wife, estate,
 Of being rich, or made a magistrate,
 If modestly you take and thank kind heav'n
 For any of these blessings to you giv'n;
 Or if, depriv'd of ought, you straight resign
 All to its will; nor peevishly repine;
 Or if, as yet unblest'd, you meekly wait,
 With humble patience, the decrees of fate;
 Not desp'rate, nor yet importunate:
 Some time or other, when the gods think fit,
 Bless'd with eternal banquets thou shalt sit
 Among th' immortal pow'rs, and free from care,
 Perpetual joys and happiness shalt share.
 But if so great thy soul, as to abstain,
 And bravely with a noble scorn disdain
 These outward proffers, which mankind do bless,
 Thou'rt sure a god, thou can'st not sure be less.
 For what's a god, but a blest'd being, freed
 From cares, that never dies, or stands in need?
 Thou shalt not only be the guest of heav'n,
 But with the foremost rank of gods be ev'n;
 Equal in pow'r. By methods such as these
 Great Heraclitus, great Diogenes,
 And some, like them, to deathless honours rise;
 Who, with th' immortals, in due glory shine;
 Who, as they well deserv'd, were call'd divine.

XXI.

When you see any one with tears bemoan
 The loss of goods or absence of a son,
 Whom he perhaps thinks drown'd at sea, beware
 You be not bias'd here, and fondly share
 His foolish weakness, and commiserate
 His ruin'd and deplorable estate,
 While vainly he in earnest doth bemoan
 Things in another's pow'r, not in his own.

T' avoid this error therefore keep in mind
 This reas'ning, 'tis of mighty use, you'll find:
 • What hath befall'n this man doth not molest
 • His mind, nor plays the tyrant in his breast;
 • He by his own opinion is distress'd;
 • For could the thing itself afflict him, then
 • 'Twould work the same effect in other men;
 • But this we see disprov'd, since some men bear
 • The like disasters, without sigh or tear.
 You may indeed condole as far as words,
 This pity mere civility affords;
 To tell him he's mistaken will inflame
 His grief; to call him fool will not assuage;
 Besides 'tis rudeness, barb'rous cruelty,
 T' insult even over fancy'd misery;
 Nay, we'll allow that you may sigh with him,
 But then beware, lest you perhaps begin,
 To be too sensibly concern'd within.

XXII.

While on this busy stage, the world you stay,
 You're, as it were the actor of a play;
 Of such a part therein, as he thinks fit
 To whom belongs the pow'r of giving it.
 Longer, or shorter, is thy part, as he,
 The master of the revels, shall decree.
 If he command to act the beggar's part,
 Do it with all thy skill, with all thy art,
 Though mean the character, yet ne'er complain,
 Perform it well; as just applause you'll gain,
 As he, whose princely grandeur fills the stage,
 And frights all near him in heroick rage.
 Say, thou a cit or cripple represent,
 Let each be done with the best management.
 'Tis in thy power to perform with art,
 Though not within thy pow'r to chuse the part.

XXIII.

The direful raven's, or the night-owl's voice,
 Frightens the neighbourhood with boding noise;
 While each believes the knowing bird portends
 Sure death, or to himself, or to his friends;
 'Though all that the nocturnal prophet knows,
 Is want of food, which he by whooting shows.
 But say this oracle with wings and beak,
 As certain truths as Delphic priestess speak,
 And that through prejudice you should suppose
 This boder could futurity disclose,
 Yet be not mov'd; distinguish thus, I'm free;
 ' These omens threaten something else, not me:
 ' Some danger to my body, goods, or name,
 ' My children, or my wife, they may proclaim;
 ' But these are but the appendixes of me,
 ' To me these tokens all auspicious be,
 ' Since I from outward accidents like these,
 ' May reap much real profit, if I please.

XXIV.

If you would be invincible, you may;
 I'll shew you a certain and a ready way.
 You can't be conquer'd, if you never try
 In any kind to get the mastery.
 'Tis not within your pow'r to bear away
 The prize; 'tis in your choice not to essay.

XXV.

When any man of greater pow'r you see
 Invested with the robes of dignity,
 In honour's gaudiest, gayest livery,
 Dreaded by all, whose arbitrary will,
 Whose very breath, whose ev'ry look can kill;
 Whose power, and whose wealth know no restraint,
 Whose greatness hardly flattery can paint;

Take care you be not here intangled by
 The too great lustre that beguiles your eye;
 Beware you do not envy his estate,
 Nor think him happier because he's great.
 For if true quiet and tranquillity,
 Consist in things which in our pow'r do lie,
 What residence can emulation find?
 What room hath restless envy in the mind?
 Envy and happiness can ne'er reside
 In the same place, nor in one breast abide.
 Nor do you wish yourself (if we may guess
 Your real thoughts by what you do profess)
 To be a senator or general,
 But to be free, (that's greater than them all)
 This freedom you would gladly learn, you say,
 To which there is but one, one only way:
 Which is to scorn, with brave and decent pride,
 All things that in another's pow'r reside.

XXVI.

Not he that beats thee, or with slanderous tongue
 Gives thee ill language, doth thee any wrong;
 Thine own false notions give the injury:
 These slander, give the affront, and cudgel thee.
 When words traduce, or blows the limbs torment,
 Which in thy power it lies not to prevent,
 'This presently thou term'st an injury,
 But giv'st no tolerable reason why.
 Thou plead'st thy carcase, and good name are dear;
 The wound goes to thy soul, that wounds thee there;
 'Tis false, 'tis but a scratch; nor can it find
 An entrance thither, or disturb thy mind;
 Without thy own consent; an injury
 To something else without, 'tis none to thee.
 Thus when provok'd, thy own opinion blame,
 'Tis that provokes, and causeth all the pain:

Wherefore beware, lest objects, such as these;
 Gain thy assent too soon, with too much ease,
 Lest fancied harms thy mind with grief affect,
 Lest fancied bliss should gain too much respect;
 Thus thou'lt get leisure, and a thinking time;
 Thy notions with due measures to confine;
 To add, to prune, to polish and refine.

XXVII.

Let death, let banishment, and ev'ry ill,
 Which mortals thoughts with apprehension fill,
 Which most they dread, and with aversion fly,
 Be always present to thy thoughts and eye;
 But chiefly death: thus no mean thought shall find
 Harbour, or entertainment in thy mind.
 Thus no base fear shall ever from thee wrest
 The firm resolves of thy undaunted breast:
 Not tyrants frowns, nor tortures shall enslave
 Thy fearless soul, but, generously brave,
 Thou all their little malice may'st defy:
 Arm'd only with this thought, I thou once must die.
 Nor can death truly formidable seem
 To thee, who with it hast familiar been,
 Who ev'ry day hast the pale bug-bear seen.
 Yet death's the worst that thou can'st undergo,
 The utmost limit, the last scene of woe,
 The greatest spite thy enemy can show;
 And yet no more, than what the gout, or stone,
 With more malicious leisure, might have done.
 Arm'd with the thoughts of death, no fond desire
 Of wealth, nor the deluding foolish fire
 Of pow'r, shall lead thee on with hopes to gain,
 What death hath sworn thou shalt not long retain.

XXVIII.

Wisdom, you say, is what you most desire,
 The only charming blessing you admire,

Therefore be bold and fit yourself to bear
 Many a taunt, and patiently to hear
 The grinning foolith rable laugh aloud
 At you, the sport and pastime of the crowd,
 While in like jeers they vent their filthy spleen;
 ' Whence all this gravity, this careless mien!
 ' And whence of late is this pretender come,
 ' This new proficient, this musheroom,
 ' This young philosopher with half a beard?
 ' Of him, 'till now, we have no mention heard:
 ' Whence all this supercilious pride of late?
 ' This stiff behaviour, this affected gait?
 This will perhaps be said, but be not you
 Sullen nor bend a supercilious brow,
 Lest thus you prove their vile reproaches true,
 Which are but words of course, the excrement,
 The usual malice, which alike they vent
 Upon the guilty and the innocent.
 But firmly still to what seems best adhere,
 As if by heav'n's commands you order'd were
 To keep that post, not to be driv'n from thence
 By force, much less a scurrilous offence.
 Maintain this maxim, and you soon will grow,
 The praise and wonder of your scoffing foe:
 Forc'd to confess his faults, he'll court you more
 Than he reproach'd, or laugh'd at you before.
 But if his mock'ry makes you tamely yield,
 And quit your noble station in the field,
 You merit laughter on a double score,
 First for attempting then for giving o'er.

XXIX.

If to please others, studying to be dear
 In their kind thoughts, you move beyond your sphere
 And look abroad, respect and praise to gain,
 And the poor outward trifle call'd a name;

You lose the character you wish to bear,
 You lose your station of philosopher.
 Let it suffice that such yourself you know,
 No matter whether other men think so:
 Let it be to yourself, if wise you'd seem;
 And 'tis enough, you gain your own esteem.

XXX.

Let not these thoughts torment you: 'I alas!
 • In low ignoble poverty shall pass
 • My wretched days, and unregarded lie
 • Buried alive, in dark obscurity;
 • No honour, no preferment shall I have,
 • But 'scutcheonless descend into the grave.
 This as a wondrous hardship you bemoan,
 A grievous ill, when really 'tis none;
 The outward want of pow'r, preferment, place,
 Is no more misery, than 'tis disgrace:
 And that 'tis no disgrace I shall evince;
 Where's the disgrace you are not made a prince?
 Or that you're not invited to a feast?
 'Tis none, by every man of sense confess:
 For where's the man in's wits that can expect
 That things not in his pow'r he should effect?
 And why of want of pow'r should you complain?
 Who can no place or honour justly claim,
 Excepting things in your own pow'r; in these
 You may be great, and pow'rful as you please.
 But then you plead; 'I thus shall useless grow
 • To those I love, nor shall I kindness shew,
 • Nor wealth nor pow'r on my best friends bestow,
 • Nor by my int'rest cause them to become,
 • Free of each gainful privilege in Rome,
 • Nor, when I please, an officer create,
 • Nor raise them to be utensils of state.

And whoe'er told you yet, that these things lie
 Within your power or capacity?
 Or where's the man, that can to others grant
 That place or honour he himself doth want?
 But they're importunate, alas! and cry,
 'Get it, that we your friends may gain thereby.
 Answer them thus; 'I'll do it if I can;
 'So I may keep myself a modest man;
 'Just to myself, still innocent and free,
 'A man of honour and integrity,
 'I'll use my best endeavours, if I may
 'Gain it on these conditions, shew the way;
 'But if you think I'll this true wealth forgo,
 'That you may something gain, that is not so:
 'See, how unjust this self-partiality!
 'And, to be plain, you are no friends for me,
 'If you prefer a base penurious end,
 'Before an honest and a modest friend:
 'Suppose your choice were such, then shew me
 'What you so earnestly desire to do, [how,
 'And keep my principles of freedom too;
 'But think not I will part with happiness,
 'That you some worthless pleasure may possess.
 But thus your country nothing by you gains:
 What's this advantage that your country claims?
 Is it that baths you make, with cost and charge?
 Or porches build inimitably large,
 Where late posterity may read your name,
 Which there you consecrate to lasting fame?
 These gifts from you your country can expect,
 No more than physick from an architect,
 Or that a shoemaker should armour make,
 Or of your foot a smith the measure take;
 For 'tis enough, if each perform in's trade
 The work for which he seems by nature made:

If each man mind the way in which he's plac'd,
 The smith his anvil, shoemaker his last.
 And thus if you the height of wisdom reach,
 And, what so well you know, as well can teach,
 If by these noble methods you profess,
 You with another honest man can bless.
 The city where you dwell, you give no less
 Than he, who on his country doth confer
 Porches, or baths, or amphitheatre.
 ' Well then, i'th' city, where I useful am,
 ' What office shall I have? Such as you can,
 Keeping your honour, and your conscience free,
 With spotless innocence and modesty:
 But if while fondly you desire to please
 Your fellow-citizens, you part with these,
 You labour but in vain; for where's the use
 Of one grown impudent and scandalous?

XXXI.

Is any one saluted or embrac'd
 With more respect than you? or higher plac'd
 At table? Is he thought more grave and wise,
 Of better parts, and abler to advise?
 Grudge not: but, if these things be good, rejoice
 They're plac'd so well, and meet so good a choice:
 And if they're bad, why should you take offence
 That you in these have not the preference?
 But how can you, that neither cringe nor bow,
 Nor other antick spaniel-tricks do shew,
 Nor flatter, fawn, forswear, assent or lie,
 Nor use that servile knavish industry,
 By which base supple slaves their ends obtain,
 The same respect, or the same favour gain?
 And how shall you, who scorn to condescend,
 With early morning visits to attend
 Th' awaking of a rich, proud, pow'ful friend,

Expect to share th' advantages that fall
 To him that helps to fill his crowded hall?
 Or, like a centinel, still walks before
 His patron's house, and almost courts his door;
 Who, after long attendance, thinks he's blest'd
 As much as Persians bowing to the east,
 When the sun rises from his watry nest;
 And swears the eastern god doth not dispense
 A kinder, or a gentler influence,
 And that each look, each smile of his, doth bring
 Warmth to the summer, beauty to the spring;
 Who, when his lordship frowns, admires the grace
 And manly fierceness that adorns his face;
 Applauds the thunder of his well-mouth'd oaths,
 And then the modish fashion of his cloaths,
 And vows the taylor, who the garments made,
 Happy in making them, though never paid.
 These are the means by which he stands possess'd
 Of favours, by each fly-blown fool caress'd,
 At ev'ry feast an acceptable guest.
 These if you'd purchase, and not give the price;
 Unjust, unsatiable's your avarice;
 As for familiar instance, what's the rate,
 The gard'ner holds, and sells his lettuce at?
 Let us suppose a farthing; he that buys
 Bears off the purchase, but lays down the price;
 Your salad wants these lettuce, you with-hold
 The small equivalent for which they're sold;
 Nor is your case a jot the worse for this,
 For as the lettuce, which he bought are his,
 So yours, who did not buy, the farthing is.
 Thus if you're not invited out to dine,
 You pay not for his meat, nor for his wine;
 For he (be not deceiv'd) who entertains,
 Doth it not gratis, he too looks for gains;

Right bounteous tho' he seems, he sells his meat,
 And praise expects for every bit you eat;
 Each luscious draught, each pleasing delicate,
 Is but a specious snare, a tempting bait;
 You the rich entertainment dearly buy
 By mean, obsequious, servile flattery.
 If then these things that must be purchas'd thus,
 Seem useful to you and commodious,
 Lay down the value, do not think to get,
 Unless you give the rate at which they're set.
 These if on easier terms you would provide,
 And without paying for them be supply'd,
 How can your foolish wish be satisfy'd?
 ' Well then, but shall I nothing have instead
 ' Of this dear feast, that still runs in my head?
 Yes, if you're not insatiable, you have
 Enough in lieu thereof, you're not a slave;
 You have not prais'd him who's below your hate,
 You've not admir'd his dinner, nor his plate,
 Nor past a complement against your will,
 Nor in low cringes shewn your awkward skill,
 Nor fed his dogs, to shew the vast respect
 The master of the fav'rites may expect;
 Nor did you admire his sumptuous furniture,
 Nor all that civil insolence indure;
 With which at meeting he informs you how,
 When you depart his presence, you must bow;
 Nor have you born his arrogance and pride,
 While he surveys his board on ev'ry side,
 And fancies that he's bountiful and great,
 And thinks he makes you happy by his meat.

XXXII.

Nature's designs, decrees, and will we read
 In things, concerning which we're all agreed,
 Which no dispute, or controversy need.

As say, your neighbour's boy hath broke a glass,
You're apt to cry, These things must come to pass.
So if your own be broke, you ought from thence
To learn to bear it with like patience,
As if 'twere his; thence by degrees ascend:
As thus, suppose your neighbour lose a friend,
Bury his wife, or son; I know you'll cry,
• 'Tis not so strange a thing that mortals die.
But say the case be yours, the loss your own,
Then what a howling's there, what piteous moan.
What tears you shed? 'Ah me! forlorn! undone!
• I've lost, you cry, I've lost my only son!
• The innocent, sweet, beauteous youth is dead,
• He's gone, and all my joys are with him fled!
When all this while you should remember how
Your neighbour's case, like yours, affected you;
Without a sigh, without a tear, or groan,
You bore his loss, and so should bear yourown.

XXXIII.

As no man sets up marks that he may miss,
So no such real thing as ill there is:
For should we grant that ought in nature's ill,
'Twould argue cruelty, and want of skill.
In the great artist, who all-wise and kind,
Nothing that is not for thy good design'd,
Nothing to grieve, or to torment thy mind.
This you think wisely answer'd, when you say,
• Suppose a ruffian beat me on the way,
• Or force me publicly in open street,
• To take a kick from ev'ry slave I meet.
• Unjust the violence, nor can I bear
• Such an affront: I must be angry here;
• Ev'n you'll acknowledge this to be an ill:
Thus you remain in your old error still.

I thought that we had clear'd that point before
 With such plain proof, that it requir'd no more :
 I shew'd you 'twas no ill, and bid you blame
 False notions, the base issue of your brain,
 You're angry at the man who did expose
 Your body to the injury of blows,
 And yet expose your mind to grief and pain,
 As oft as any railer's pleas'd to stain
 With vile reproach the beauty of your name.
 Judge then yourself, but judge impartially,
 Who's guilty of the greater injury,
 Since you expose your mind, your body he.
 To grieve, be angry, envy, or to hate,
 Are ills indeed, but such as you create:
 For these let not kind nature be arraign'd,
 You, only you are to be justly blam'd.
 Wherefore in ev'ry thing you undertake,
 Let judgment sit, and just inquiry make
 Of all preliminaries leading to
 The action, which you have design'd to do;
 Of ev'ry consequence and accident,
 That probably may wait on the event.
 Be sure that you can bear it, though it be
 Reproach, or blows, or death, with bravery;
 Which if you carelessly neglect to weigh,
 Though brisk and vig'rous at the first essay,
 You'll meet some shameful hindrance by the way.

XXXIV

You say you'd win the olive crown, and lust
 To reap the harvest of th' Olympick dust ;
 That history may reckon by your name,
 From the great year when such a one o'ercame :
 'Tis brave, and by the gods I wish the same ;
 But then consider first what must be done,
 Through what a course of hardships you must run

E'er you proceed, and what may be th' event,
 And consequence of such a great attempt:
 With a strict course of life you must begin,
 Confin'd by methods and sharp discipline;
 According to direction you must eat
 Nothing that's boil'd, and such a kind of meat
 As is allow'd; then you must drink no wine,
 Nor yet cold water, and observe your time
 For exercise, you must yourself inure,
 The summer's heat and winter's cold t'indure.
 These preparations made, you then must try,
 If possible, to gain the victory,
 And that not without labour, danger, harm,
 Or loss of ribs, perhaps a leg or arm; (down,
 And when whole pecks of dust you've swallow'd
 Been lash'd, and all things requisite have done,
 'Tis possible that you may lose the crown.
 These hazards when you thoroughly have survey'd,
 You still may venture on; nor be dismay'd,
 You'll find the burthen lighter which you've
 weigh'd,
 Else you'll desist, and jade like wanton boys,
 Who, tir'd and pleas'd with novelty of toys,
 Scarce warm in one, begin another play,
 And scorn the tedious sport of yesterday:
 Who sometimes pipers, wrestlers represent,
 Or with tough cudgel try their hardiment;
 Sometimes the horn, or the shrill trumpet sound,
 Act tragedies, and kill without a wound:
 Thoughtless as they, one while your hand you'll
 try
 In wrestling, fencing next, then poetry,
 In rhet'rick, nay, perhaps philosophy,
 But fail in each; and all these pains bestow,
 Ridiculous as possible to grow,

And make a wond'rous bustle to express
 A rev'rend, and more serious childishness,
 Like a grave ape, whom nature did create
 A type of you, who can but imitate;
 Who one thing now, another straight admire,
 Who, hurried on with violent desire,
 Plunge over head and ears, before you know
 How deep the silent smooth-fac'd waters flow,
 Or weigh the hardships you must undergo.
 Thus some, when any much-fam'd man they spy
 Admir'd for wisdom, and for modesty,
 Much listen'd to, and courted ev'ry where,
 And then, perhaps, some grave quotation hear,
 • How true speaks Socrates! nor can it be
 • That any should discourse as well as he!
 Are taken with an itch of being wise;
 They too, forsooth, must needs philosophize.

XXXV.

Having consider'd thus what's to be done,
 The hazards, hardships, and the risque you run,
 Consider with what strength you are endow'd,
 What nature for th' encounter hath allow'd;
 As if you affect th' Olympick exercise,
 Examine well your back, your shoulders, thighs,
 What brawn, what sinews for the enterprise
 Nor will each sort of strength suit each exploit,
 This runs, that leaps, this wrestles, throws the coit;
 So if the combat with yourself you try,
 And by strict methods of philosophy
 Your own rebellious passions strive to tame,
 And thus a more illustrious conquest gain,
 You can't expect t' indulge and gratify
 Your genius with accustom'd luxury.
 Nay, 'tis a contradiction, 'tis t' obey
 Those very lusts you mean to drive away.

You should consider whether you can bear
 The want of far-fetch'd dainties, travel'd cheer:
 You should consider whether you can dine,
 Without a catalogue of costly wine,
 Whether that squeamishness you can forget,
 That makes you keep an almanack for meat,
 That makes you sweat, and faint, when you be-
 hold

A novelty that's more than one day old;
 And to be short and serious, what you think
 Of roots for food, and the cold stream for drink.
 Philosophy's like some brave heroë bred,
 With labours harden'd, and with hardships fed:
 • Awake (she cries) and let the early sun
 • Blush that he sees his vigilance outdone;
 • Arise, pursue, press forward, drive away
 • With chearful toil the tedious ling'ring day,
 • Business thy sport, and labour be thy play.

You should consider how you can dispense
 With leaving home to gain experience;
 How you can part with friends and native air;
 How the fatigues of travel you can bear;
 How in a thread-bare garment, old and torn,
 You can endure the slights, and saucy scorn
 Of pages, grooms, who, in proud liv'ries drest,
 Fancy a tatter'd coat a mighty jest:
 How it will relish with you to be us'd
 Worse than the basest slaves, to be refus'd
 All honour, power, and trust, preferment, place,
 Not to be call'd your worship, ityl'd your grace.
 In these examine well yourself, and try
 Whether you're willing, at such rates, to buy
 Freedom, a quiet mind, and constancy:
 Lest like the boys I told you of, you prove
 Now a philosopher, then fall in love

With frothy trash of orators, and thence
 Straight a collector of th' exchequer commence;
 Then tir'd with this, your fond desires dilate,
 And wish to be a minister of state.
 These are wide contraries, as opposite;
 As virtue is to vice, as black to white.
 You can but make one single man, and he
 A wise good man, or foolish knave must be;
 He the full sway over himself must have,
 Or be to things, not in his pow'r, a slave:
 Skill'd in these inward arts, or those without,
 Be wise, or herd amongst the common rout;
 Or a philosopher, or idiot.

XXXVI

Let your respects and services agree,
 And be proportion'd to the quality
 Of him, to whom these services you pay.
 Is he your father? Know you must obey,
 And cherish him, considering all his care
 For you, when weak and helpless yet you were;
 And bear with him in all things, knowing how
 Nature oblig'd him to be kind to you:
 All this to gratitude itself is due.
 He heard your peevish brawling, strove t' allay
 Your childish wrath, and wip'd your tears away;
 And can't you bear an angry word, or blow
 From one f'indulgent, one that lov'd you so?
 Who gave you being, who may well be said
 'Twice to have given you life in that he fed,
 In that with so much tenderness he bred
 Your younger years? 'Oh! but, (perhaps you'll
 say)

'He's wicked and severe, I can't obey.'
 A lame excuse, let him be what he will,
 Morose, or wicked, he's your father still:

Whate'er his morals are, he may expect
 From you at least a filial respect;
 You can't believe that nature's bound to find
 A parent for you suited to your mind.
 Well, but you think your brother injures you;
 You ask me here what nature bids you do?
 Nature obligeth you to pass it by,
 Bids you neglect the fancy'd injury,
 Nor mind what's done by him, but bids you shew
 The hearty love you to your brother owe,
 Which can't be shewn by more commodious light,
 Than when you oppose your goodness to his
 spite;
 And what long since I told you, think on still,
 No one can injure you against your will;
 The wrong you suffer doth from fancy grow,
 You then are hurt when you imagine so.
 If by this steady balance then you try
 The mutual duties of society,
 Which men to men, neighbours to neighbours
 owe,
 Which soldiers to their general should shew,
 Which citizens should pay their magistrate
 You'll grant they're to be paid without debate,
 Offence, or envy, prejudice, or hate.

XXXVII.

In this the main point of religion lies,
 To have right notions of the deities;
 As that such beings really are, that they
 Govern the world with just and prudent sway,
 That chearfully you are oblig'd to obey
 All their commands, well satisfy'd to rest
 On what they do, as order'd for the best;
 That whatsoever is by them decreed,
 From an all-knowing wisdom doth proceed.

Thus their wise government you'll fear to blame,
 Or, as neglected, peevishly complain:
 But 'tis not likely you should have this sense,
 These reverent notions of their providence,
 Nor can you without murmuring resent,
 Their partial, and unequal management,
 If you distinguish into good and ill,
 Things not depending on your pow'r and will.
 Now if these attributes of bad and good,
 Of things within your pow'r be understood,
 You lay the fault at your own door, and clear
 The gods of being partial and severe:
 But if you think that outward things can be
 Some good, some bad; with this absurdity
 You wound the goodness of the deity;
 Your God a vile malicious fiend you make,
 Cruel, or weakly, given to mistake.
 Whom, when you foolishly averse would fly
 Death, or like natural necessity;
 Or any thing, which you have wish'd for, miss,
 You needs must hate, and say the fault is his,
 To whom, though he hath kindly given you will
 To wish or not to wish, you impute the ill;
 And, as 'tis nat'ral, with like hate reflect
 On him the cruel cause, as on th' effect.
 Insects, and brutes themselves have thus much sense,
 Alike t' abhor th' offender and th' offence;
 Thus a fierce cur follows and bites the stone,
 And then pursues the man by whom 'twas thrown:
 As on the contrary, they love, they admire,
 What serves their wants, and answers their desire.
 And none, sure, but a mad-man, can rejoyce
 In that which plagues him, ruins, and destroys.
 Hence 'tis the father's hated by the son,
 Hence 'tis the grave old man grows troublesome;

The dry bones keep him from a large estate,
To which he fears he shall succeed too late:
He therefore daily wishes he were dead,
That his kind heir might flourish in his stead.
Hence that pernicious fatal war arose,
Which Thebes to blood and ruin did expose:
For proud Eteocles resolv'd to reign,
And Polynices would his right maintain;
For both would rule, and both would be obey'd,
Each thought his brother did his right invade;
Each thought dominion was a sov'reign good,
Each would assert his int'rest with his blood.
Hence 'tis the ploughman, when tempestuous rain,
Or drought have render'd all his labour vain,
Rails on the gods: Hence 'tis the sailor raves,
When toss'd with furious winds, and threat'ning
waves:

Hence 'tis the merchant curses, if he fail
Of a quick market, or a gainful sale:
Hence they, who lose children or wife, complain,
That they, alas! have sacrific'd in vain:
Whate'er they suffer, vainly wish, or fear,
The gods, for certain, all the blame must bear.
Nor are they pious longer than they find,
The gods are grateful, in remembrance kind:
Only devout while favours they obtain,
They make religion but a kind of gain.
Now he that only wisheth things may be
Just as they are, as the bless'd gods decree,
Whose wise aversion only doth decline
'Things he hath pow'r to shun, can ne'er repine,
Nor be provok'd to murmur or blaspheme,
Nor through false notions lay the fault on them;
He's the true pious man. But here you'll say,
• If we may only wish for what we may

• Bestow upon ourselves, pray where's the need
 • That we raise temples, or that victims bleed?
 • Why should we presents on their altars lay?
 • And why with incense court them ev'ry day?
 • Where's the reward for this? What's the return
 • Of all this smoak, and the perfumes we burn?
 Will you not worship them, unless you have
 All that your lust and avarice can crave?
 Methinks they've given enough, in that you live
 Under their prudent care, who know to give
 Better than you to ask; who that bestow,
 Which most for your convenience they know.
 Let's add to this (if this will not suffice)
 They've made you capable of being wise.
 Are these mean reasons why you sacrifice?
 Wherefore your off'rings and oblations pay
 With usual rites, after your country's way;
 Let them be given, as what you really owe,
 Without th' alloy of vanity or show;
 Not piggarily, nor with too great expence,
 With all devotion, care, and diligence.

XXXVIII.

When you consult the oracle, or those
 Who the deep secrets of the gods disclose,
 Who fill'd with a divine, prophetic rage,
 The will of heav'n, and its decrees presage,
 'Tis plain, the dark event you cannot tell,
 Else why do you consult the oracle?
 But if you're a philosopher, you know
 Thus much at least of it before you go;
 That if of things not in our pow'r, th' event
 Must be infallibly indifferent,
 Nor good, nor bad. When therefore you draw nigh
 The hallow'd cavern of the deity,

The will, and the decrees of fate t'inquire,
Approach without aversion, or desire;
Else to the sacred vault you'll trembling come,
Like men who are arraign'd, to hear their doom;
And know, that whatsoe'er the fates ordain,
From thence, at least, this benefit you gain,
That, rightly using this or that decree,
You make a virtue of necessity;
And what this benefit doth most inance,
'Tis such as will admit no hinderance.
Therefore with courage to the gods repair,
To whom you freely may your doubts declare,
As to your friends in whom you most confide,
Whose prudence and integrity you've try'd;
And what they bid you do, let it be done
With the most prudent care, rememb'ring whom
You chose for counsellors, whom you neglect,
If their advice you slight or disrespect:
Nor must you ev'ry little doubt propose
To their divinities, but such as those,
Which, as wise Socrates was wont to say,
Are very dark, abstruse, and out o'th' way;
Such as are clear'd by their events alone,
Which by no human methods can be shown.
You must not such light queries here propound,
Which every man of common sense may found:
As whether med'cines can restore the dead,
Or hellebore can purge a madman's head:
No riddles here in which old wives delight,
With which those aged Sphynxes pass the night;
Nor such a knot as easily's untty'd,
Nor questions which by sieve and sheers are try'd:
But something difficult, and much involv'd,
Fit only by a god to be resolv'd.

Therefore when reason says you're bound t'oppose,
 Though hazarding your life, your country's foes,
 And with heroic danger to defend
 Him you think worthy to be call'd your friend,
 What need of heav'nly information here,
 Of prophet, augur, or astrologer?
 Nothing but falshood, or base cowardice,
 Can make a scruple of a case like this,
 Since reason hath determin'd long ago,
 Whether you ought t'expose yourself or no.
 Nay, let's suppose that you're resolv'd to try
 This dubious weighty point by augury,
 And that by some unlucky omen's meant
 Death, or the loss of limbs, or banishment;
 Yet should these mischiefs really ensue,
 Which by foreboding signs do threaten you,
 In spite of exile, wounds, nay death, you must
 Be to your friend, and to your country just;
 And reason still commands you to redress
 The one in danger, th' other in distress.
 Remember how that miscreant was us'd,
 Who this kind office to his friend refus'd,
 By the just oracle, who drove away
 Th' ungrateful wretch, and thus was heard to say:
 ' Be gone, thou base deserter of thy friend!
 ' Thy presence doth our deity offend.
 ' Thou saw'st the murd'rer give the fatal wound,
 ' Thou saw'st thy friend lie weltring on the ground;
 ' Without concern thou didst behold him bleed,
 ' And not relieving, didst approve the deed.
 ' Depart, for thou, even thou, thy friend hast slain;
 ' Hence, thou abandon'd wretch, thou dost our
 shrine profane.'

XXXIX.

Frame to yourself some forms, some rules
 And whereby
 To guide your life, on which to keep your eye,
 Which whether to yourself you live recluse,
 Or which in conversation you may use;
 For there are dangers, which the wise would fly
 Both in retirement and society.
 For neither can a ship with safety ride
 Within her port, if not with cables ty'd;
 Nor can she be secure, when under sail,
 Though in fair weather with a prosperous gale,
 Unless known rules, by long experience try'd;
 Her well-spread canvas, and her rudder guide.
 Nor only in the main do tempests roar,
 They strike the flats, and riot on the shore;
 And skilful sailors with just reason doubt
 Dangers within, as well as those without.

XL.

Let modest silence be your greatest care
 In human conversation, and beware
 Of being over talkative, and shun
 That lewd perpetual motion of the tongue,
 That itch of speaking much; and be content
 That your discourse (though short) be pertinent:
 And when occasion serves, then speak your sense,
 Without an over-weening confidence.
 Nor catch at ev'ry bait, nor open at
 The common opportunities of chat:
 As, such a fencer play'd his part with skill,
 That, like a wrestler, breaks what rib he will:
 That such a horse is of the fleetest kind,
 And that his dam engender'd with the wind;

D

That a full cry of deep-mouth'd, long-ear'd hounds
 Is the most sweet and ravishing of sounds:
 That such a lord with the best wines doth treat,
 Has the best cook, is the best read in meat, (crowd,
 These are the thread-bare themes that please the
 The ignorant, the thoughtless, and the proud.
 But chiefly shun discourse concerning men,
 Nor fondly this man praise, and that condemn;
 For all immoderate, and too lavish praise,
 Too great an expectation's apt to raise;
 And by reviling others you express
 Your little wisdom; but much bitterness:
 Nor with absurd comparisons defame
 One man, by adding to another's name:
 For thus, by way of foyle, the one's disgrace
 Sets off the character you mean to raise;
 With hemlock this you crown, and that with bays.

XLI

Among your friends with whom you may be free,
 If vain, or frivolous their converse be,
 Or seem to savour of indecency,
 Alter the subject; sure you may invent
 Some profitable, pleasing argument,
 Which, like a gentle tide, with easy force
 May stop the current of the first discourse:
 But among strangers learn to hold your tongue,
 Your good intentions may be constru'd wrong,
 You may be term'd impertinent or rude,
 Wise out of season, and be said t'intrude.

XLII

Laughter, if rightly us'd, may be confess'd
 In some sort to distinguish man from beast,
 While by due management it is alloy'd,
 While the strict rules of reason are obey'd;

But shews, if over-loud, or over-long,
 Your head but weak, altho' your lungs be strong.
 For ev'n a smile, not in its proper place;
 Too just a blemish on your judgment lays;
 But causeless laughter at each thing you see,
 That grinning of the thoughtless mobile;
 That senseless gaping mirth, that is express'd
 Without the provocation of a jest;
 That wild convulsive writhing of the face,
 That quite disfigures it from what it was,
 Doth with humanity so little suit,
 It makes you but a different sort of brute.

XLIII.

Avoid th'engagement of an oath, or swear,
 As seldom as you can, at least forbear
 To bind yourself to what you cannot do,
 And only swear to that which lies in you;
 For 'tis a wicked, blasphemous offence,
 To call the gods to each impertinence;
 To make them knights o' th' post, to testify
 That to be truth, you know to be a lye.

XLIV.

If with civility you can, decline
 All public feasts, and learn at home to dine
 With sober food, at your own charge content;
 But if oblig'd, in point of compliment,
 To eat abroad, be it your care to shun
 The vulgar dregs of conversation:
 As common vile discourse, and dirty jests,
 The nauseous merriment of greasy feasts:
 For if your company be lewd, you may
 Soon grow as dissolute and lewd as they;
 For there's contagion in each word they speak,
 Each smile they make, each jest they break;

Their very breath envenoms all the chear,
 As if the Harpye-sisters had been there.
 Thus hurtful vapours, rising from the ground,
 Poison whate'er they meet, leave nothing sound.
 Thus a blear'd weeping eye is apt to make
 Th'infected eyes of the beholders ake:
 Thus sheep diseas'd, pall'd wine, corrupted fruit,
 If mix'd, the healthful, sprightly, sound, pollute.

XLV.

For meat, drink, cloaths, house, servants, and
 the rest,
 Which chiefly are the body's interest,
 Take this prescription: you may safely use
 Such a proportion as will most conduce
 To the internal welfare of your mind,
 And that's as much as nature hath design'd.
 Take just as much of each, as may suffice
 For health, and strength'ning of your faculties;
 What your necessities require, but fly
 Whatever tends to pride, or luxury.
 The frugal belly's easily supply'd,
 With wholesome, homely fare well satisfy'd:
 Nor, hungry, doth abstain from meat, because
 Not dress'd with art, with some peculiar sauce:
 Nor, thirsty, do you stay for choice of wine;
 Nor do rich delicacies your parts refine:
 Nay, the mind surfeits as the body doth,
 Intemperance hath the same effect on both.
 Our ancestors on roots and acorns fed,
 Drank the cool brook, nor felt an aking head:
 Without disease or pain they liv'd to see
 A numerous, and a well-grown progeny;
 And were, no doubt, as witty and as wise,
 Without the helps of studied rarities.

An home-spun suit, tho' coarse, will keep you warm,
 And the keen winter's rigour will disarm,
 Better than costly robes of Tyrian dye,
 Beset with pearl, or rich embroidery.
 Nor need you such a stately house, as may
 Afford a different room for every day
 'Thro' the whole year, with a large spacious hall,
 Since one small room may serve instead of all;
 Since you in one may eat, drink, walk, and sleep.
 And why so many servants will you keep?
 Where's the necessity of all this state?
 Is it below you on yourself to wait?
 Have you not limbs, and health, and strength, to do
 Those offices which they perform for you?
 But you, perhaps, believe 'tis base, and mean,
 On your own strength, on your own legs to lean.
 And vainly think 'tis granted and allow'd,
 'That to be generous is to be proud;
 And therefore when you're pleas'd to take the air,
 By brawny slaves you're carried in a chair;
 Therefore you hire a cook to dress your meat,
 'Tis much you do not think 'tis mean to eat.

XLVI.

Before you're married, strive to live as free
 As possibly you can from venery;
 Though 'tis a lust of a rebellious kind,
 That owns the least subjection to the mind,
 'Th'effort of flesh, of blood, the furious horse,
 That bears against the bit with headstrong force;
 Yet you're oblig'd in justice to refrain.
 And to preserve your body without stain:
 For as you think 'twould lessen your repute
 To marry with a common prostitute,
 So you're oblig'd to give yourself entire
 To the chaste arms of her whom you admire;

But if you're borne so forcibly away,
 As not for Hymen and his rites to stay,
 Yet still your country's laws claim just respect,
 Though you the rules of chastity neglect;
 Though ne'er so rampant, sure you may abstain
 From what's forbidden, from unlawful gain;
 As from adultery; nor need you wrong
 Another, though your lusts be ne'er so strong;
 Since there are other liberties allow'd,
 'T'assuage this scorching fever of the blood.
 But if you're thoroughly mortify'd, and find
 No inclination left for woman-kind,
 Yet grow not proud upon't, nor those accuse,
 Who court these sensual pleasures you refuse;
 Nor boast your virtue such, that you defy
 The weak attractions of a pleasing eye:
 That you, forsooth, are cold as Scythian ice;
 For boasting is a most intemp'rate vice,
 Nor worse the wanton sport that you despise.
 No, 'tis the leach'ry of the mind, for which
 There's no excuse of flesh and blood, an itch
 Of being prais'd, which rather than you'll want,
 Ev'n you yourself are your own sycophant.

XLVII.

When you're inform'd that any one thro' spight
 Or an ill-natur'd, scurrilous delight
 Of railing, slanders you, or doth accuse
 Of doing something base, or scandalous,
 Disquiet not yourself for an excuse,
 Nor, blust'ring, swear he wrongs you with a lye,
 But slight th' abuse, and make this calm reply:
 'Alas! he's ignorant! for had he known
 'My other faults and follies, he had shewn
 'Those too, nor had he spoke of this alone,

XLVIII.

There's no great need that you should oft appear
At shews, or help to crowd the theatre.
But if it be expected you should be
Amongst the rest at the solemnity
Of sacred sports, when 'tis requir'd that all
Should join to celebrate the festival;
See with indifference, and lay aside
Partiality, and wish on neither side;
And be not more concern'd for what you see
'Than your own quiet and tranquillity.
Be these your main concern, your greatest care,
And wish that things may be just as they are,
And that the victory may fall to him,
Who gains the day, who doth the garland win;
For while to neither, to yourself you're kind,
Nor can you any disappointment find.
Be not transported, do not laugh aloud,
Nor roar in consort with the bellowing crowd.
When the shew's over, when from thence you come,
Dispute not much concerning what was done;
As, who's the tallest fellow of his hands,
Who best the lance, who best the sword commands,
Or whether such a one was fairly slain;
'This is to act th'encounter o'er again,
But say you out-talk the other, win the prize,
Are you a jot the better, or more wise?
You only shew that you admire the sport,
When there's no tolerable reason for't:
And why so great a wonder is it made,
That a man's quick, or dext'rous at his trade?
That one of greater strength, or greater skill,
Should get the better? that a sword will kill?

XLIX.

Avoid, if possible, th' impertinence
 Of those who prostitute their eloquence;
 Who with' a long harangue from desk or stage
 Both the rich mobile, and poor engage:
 For what advantage are you like to gain,
 By hearing some one a whole hour declaim,
 While Alexander's justice he commends,
 For murder'ing all his best and trustiest friends?
 How are you better'd by a run'd discourse
 Of Phalaris's bull, or Sinon's horse?
 Or a description that's design'd to shew
 The various colours of the heavenly bow,
 In a discourse almost as long as it,
 Which the vile trifling scribbler takes for wit?
 What wisdom can you learn from Circe's hogs?
 From Hecuba turn'd bitch, or Scylla's dogs?
 From weeping Niobe transform'd to stone,
 Or bloody Peneus feeding on his son?
 But if in manners you're oblig'd t' attend,
 Because perhaps the author is your friend;
 Or if that tyrant, custom, bring you there,
 Be grave, but not morose, nor too severe,
 Nor play the critic, nor be apt to jeer;
 Nor by detraction seek inglorious praise;
 Nor seem to weep, when he your joy would raise;
 Nor grin, nor swear, when some sad passion tries
 To draw the brinish humour from your eyes;
 Nor to the company disturbance cause,
 By finding fault, or clamorous applause;
 Be sober and sedate, nor give offence
 Or to yourself, or to the audience.

L.

When you have ought to do, or are to treat
 With persons whose authority is great,

Let Socrates and Zeno shew you how,
And what their prudence would think fit to do,
Were they to manage this affair for you.
With what a temper, how serene and brave,
In such a case, would they themselves behave!
For neither would they crouch, nor yield thro'
fear,

Nor would they rude or insolent appear;
Nor would they any thing unseemly say,
Nor yet through flatt'ry give the cause away.
By these great patterns act, you cannot fail;
Wisdom and courage, joyn'd, must needs prevail.

LI.

These things before-hand to yourself propose,
When you're about to visit one of those,
Who are call'd great; perhaps he's not within,
Or likely he's retir'd, nor to be seen;
Perhaps his porter, some rough sturdy boor,
Amongst the beggars thrusts you from the door,
Or when, at length, you have admittance got,
His honour's busy, or he minds you not.

But if in spite of each impediment,
In spite of slights, affronts, you still are bent
To make this visit, know you must dispense
With such small accidents, nor take offence,
When you're despis'd, nor with the vulgar cry,
'Tis not so great a matter, what care I?

In whom you through the visard may discern
(How'er they strive to hid it) a concern;
Who like, the fox in Æsop, seem to set
Those grapes at naught, as four, they cannot get.

LII.

Boast not in company of what you've done,
What battles you have fought, what hazards run;

How first at such a siege of such a town,
 You scal'd the walls, and won the mural crown;
 And how your skill and conduct gain'd the day,
 While hosts of slaughter'd foes about you lay:
 For while your actions you yourself relate,
 You from your real merits derogate;
 With your own breath you blow away your praise,
 And overthrow those trophies you would raise;
 You talk away those honours you have got,
 While some despise you, some believe you not;
 Nor is't as pleasant or agreeable
 To them to hear, as 'tis to you to tell:
 What is't to them what laurels you have gain'd?
 What dangers you've escap'd, what wounds sus-
 tain'd?

Perhaps they fancy all that you have said
 Doth but their sloth, or cowardice upbraid,
 And, vex'd or tir'd, they wish you all the same
 Dangers, and wounds, and hardships o'er again.

III.

'Tis but a sorry sort of praise to be
 A droll, the jester of each company,
 A raiser of loud laughter, a buffoon,
 The sport, and the diversion of the town.
 For he that strains to please and humour all,
 Into the common shore of talk must fall.
 He that would make each merry, must of force,
 With ev'ry folly temper his discourse;
 Sometimes talk downright bawdry, then defy
 The gods, and laugh at dull morality.
 From such behaviour, what can you expect
 But to be laugh'd at and to lose respect?
 You think you're much admir'd, tho' much de-
 ceiv'd,
 You're neither lov'd, respected, nor believ'd.

For who would trust, love, honour, or commend
The wretch, who for a jest betrays his friend ;
To whom there's nought so dear in heav'n or earth,
He would not make the subject of his mirth?

LIV.

You make yourself contemptible and mean,
A member of the rabble; if obscene
In conversation ; wherefore when you find
Some one to lewd discourse too much inclin'd,
Lecture him soundly for it, if there be
A fit convenient opportunity.
Tell him he vents much filth, but little wit,
And only gains th' applause of fools by it.
Tell him 'tis such as some must needs resent,
Besides 'tis needless and impertinent.
But if by wine, or company engag'd,
He by your good advice may be enrag'd,
By silence, frowns, or blushes shew that you
That nauseous conversation disallow.

LIV.

When some idea, that excites desire,
Courts you in all its best and gay attire ;
As when your fancy lays you on a bed
Of roses, and twines myrtle round your head,
Near am'rous shady groves, and purling springs,
While hov'ring Cupids fan you with their wings ;
While you in the dear fetters are confin'd,
Of some soft beauty's arms, that's fair as kind ;
Take heed lest here so far you do pursue
That fancy'd pleasure, as to wish it true :
You're just upon the precipice's brink,
Pause then a little, and take time to think ;
Examine well the object, and compare
Th' unequal periods, which allotted are

To weeping penitence, and short-liv'd bliss,
 How long the one, how short the other is;
 Joy in a nimble moment ends its race,
 And rueful, pale repentance takes its place,
 And moves with a sad, fullen, heavy pace,
 Attended all the way with groans and cries,
 Self-accusations, sighs, and watry eyes.
 Think then what joy, and pleasure you will find;
 That is, what peace, and quiet in your mind,
 How you will praise yourself, and bless your care,
 When you escape the dang'rous pleasing snare.
 But if you think the pleasure may content;
 So safe, agreeable, convenient,
 As that you'll have no reason to repent;
 Take heed you be not by its sweets subdu'd,
 Dragg'd by its smiling force to servitude;
 And think how much 'tis better to be free,
 The conqueror of such pow'rful charms to be,
 And triumph in so great a victory.

LVI.

When you resolve to do what's right and fit,
 Why should you shun being seen in doing it?
 Why should you sneak, or why avoid the light,
 Like conscious bats, that only fly by night?
 What though the vulgar, who all sense disclaim,
 That many-headed monster without brain,
 Your actions through gross ignorance condemn;
 You're likely in the right, when blam'd by them.
 But if the action's bad, you ought to shun
 Th' attempting it, for 'tis not to be done.
 If good, what cause have you to dread or fly
 Their false reproaches, and rude calumny?

LVII.

As we speak sense, and cannot but be right,
 When we affirm 'tis either day or night,

But rave, and talk rank nonsense, when we say,
At the same instant, 'tis both night and day:
So 'tis a contradiction at a feast,
To take the largest share, to cut the best,
And be a fair and sociable guest.
You may, 'tis true, your appetite appease,
But not your company, nor treaters please.
Wherefore of this absurdity beware,
And take a modest and an equal share,
Nor think each sav'ry bit, that's there your due,
Nor let your entertainer blush for you,
You may as well say 'tis both day, and night,
As strive, at once, t'indulge your appetite,
And please the rest, and him that doth invite.

LVIII.

If you assume too great a character,
Such as your feeble shoulders cannot bear,
You must, at best, ridiculous appear.
Clad in a lion's skin, you only bray,
'The ears stick out, and the dull ass betray.
Besides you foolishly neglect the part,
In which you might have shewn much skill and
art.

LIX.

As walking you tread warily, for fear
You strain your leg, or lest some nail should tear
Your feet, let the like caution be your guide,
In all the actions of your life beside.
Fear to offend your judgment, fear to slight
Reason, th' umbias'd rule of wrong and right,
Under whose conduct we more safely may
Follow, where her discretion leads the way.

LX.

As the shoe's made to serve and fit the foot,
As the leg gives the measure to the boot;

So our possessions should be measur'd by
 The body's use, and its necessity.
 If here you stop, content with what you need,
 With what will keep you warm, your body feed;
 Within the bounds of temperance you live.
 But if the reins you to your wishes give;
 If nature's limits you but once transgress,
 You tumble headlong down a precipice
 Into a boundless gulph: 'Tis we may see
 If we pursue our former simile:
 For lets suppose your shoe made tight and fit,
 Strong, warm, and easy, as 'tis requisite,
 What more can be desired from a shoe?
 'Tis all that hide, or thread, and wax can do.
 But if you look for more, you're hurry'd on
 Beyond your bounds, and then 'tis ten to one,
 That it must be more modish, pink'd, and wrought,
 Then set with pearls, from farthest Indies brought,
 Then with embroidery and purple shine;
 No matter if 'tis useless, so 'tis fine.
 So there's no farther stay, no farther bound
 By those, who exceed just measures, to be found.

LXI.

When women once their dear fourteen attain,
 They first our love and admiration gain;
 They mistresses are call'd, and now they find,
 That they for man's diversion are design'd,
 To which they're not averse: perceiving then
 That their preferment lies in pleasing men,
 In being made companions of their beds,
 They straight begin to curl, t' adorn their heads,
 To comb, perfume, and to consult the glass,
 To study what attire commends a face,
 To practise smiles, and a beguiling air;
 Each thinks she is as happy as she's fair,

As she can please, as she can conquer hearts:
In these, and thousand other such like arts
They place their only hopes, on these depend,
And earnestly expect the wish'd for end.
Wherefore 'tis fit that they be taught to know,
That these respects, and honours, that we shew
To them, on this account are only due,
That as they're fair, so they are modest too;
That they are spotless, grave, reserv'd, and wise,
That these ingaging virtues are the eyes,
That more oblige, than arts, or amorous eyes.

LXII.

In outward actions to spend too much time,
Is of stupidity too sure a sign;
As long to exercise, and long to eat,
To spend whole days, at least, to cram down meat,
To try what drink your belly will contain,
To be disgorg'd, to be piss'd out again,
Then halt an hour, like a dull grinning fool,
To make wry faces over a close-stool;
Or like a brutish swine, in sensual strife,
To wallow out whole hours with your dull wife,
When all this precious time should be assign'd,
For brave endeavours to improve your mind.

LXIII.

If any strive to injure, or defame
Your honour, filching from you your good name;
Consider, he believes this blame your due,
That he doth only what he ought to do:
For 'tis a thing impossible, that he
Should so in sentiments with you agree,
As not to follow his own bent of mind,
And that to which his judgment is inclin'd.
Now if through carelessness he judge amiss,
He suffers most, and all the harm is his.

He truly suffers most, whose reason's light
Is clouded o'er, whom error doth benight;
He the affront to his own reason gives,
Who thinks wrong right, who falsehoods truths
believes.

Then why should his mistakes your soul torment?
His own mistakes are his own punishment;
He wrongs his judgment, nor the truth, or you
You still are guiltless, still what's truth is true;
Still 'tis a certain truth (whate'er he say)
That whensoever the sun appears, 'tis day.
And thus prepar'd, you patiently may bear
His rudeness, and unmov'd his slanders hear,
And calmly answer, that such things to him
Fit to be done, fit to be said, may seem.

LXIV.

If you a strict enquiry make, you'll find,
That to each thing, two handles are assign'd.
One not to be endur'd, that will admit
No touch, there's none, alas! can manage it.
The other tractable, which every hand
With mod'rate skill and prudence may command.
If then your brother injures you through pride,
Or fraud, lay hold upon the safer side;
And do not straight examine his offence,
Touch'd with too deep, and too grievous a sense
Of the wrong offer'd, lest you discompose
Your mind, and wrath to injury oppose;
Lest in a tempest you yourself engage,
Which only serves to blow, t'inflame his rage.
But rather think how near you are ally'd,
That such offences ought not to divide,
And break the knot, which nature's hand hath
ty'd;

Remember all the happy years you spent
Under one roof, and the same management;
Rememb'ring this, you'll soon forget the ill
Your brother did you, he's your brother still,

LXV.

If I should boast I wealthier am than you,
It follows not that I am better too;
If I should say, I'm the more florid man,
It follows not, I therefore better am.
It rather follows, I am richer far,
Therefore my well-fill'd bags the better are;
My tongue is better hung, my phrase more neat,
Therefore my language is the more compleat,
Your bags and fluent speech have some pretence
To being better, to more excellence,
But you are neither wealth, nor eloquence.

LXVI.

Doth any one bathe earlier than the time
That's usually observ'd, or drink much wine;
Censure him not, nor say 'tis not well done,
Say only, he drinks much, or washeth soon.
For why should you, till you have understood
His reasons, judge his actions bad or good?
Perhaps he washeth early, with intent
Thus to refresh himself with watching spent.
Whate'er your grave sobriety may think,
In him perhaps 'tis temperance to drink;
Perhaps his constitution may require
More wine, his lamp more oil to feed its fire.
First know the reasons then you may proceed
With safety to dispraise, or praise the deed:
Thus will you never any action blame,
And then on second thought commend the same.

LXVII.

When you in ev'ry place yourself profess
 A deep philosopher, you but express
 Much vanity, much self-conceit betray,
 And shew you are not truly what you say.
 Amongst rude ignorants, unthinking tools,
 To talk of precepts, maxims, and of rules,
 Is to be laugh'd at, thought a banterer,
 For how can they approve beyond their sphere?
 Your knowledge by your way of living shew,
 What is't, alas! to them, how much you know?
 Act as your precepts teach, as at a feast,
 Eat as 'tis fit, 'tis vain to teach the rest
 How they should eat, who come but to enjoy
 The present cheer, to swallow and destroy;
 Who come to gormandize, and not to hear
 The sober precepts of a lecturer.
 Let Socrates instruct you to despise
 The fond desire of being counted wise,
 Who, being ask'd by some (who had design'd
 To affront him with a jest) to be so kind,
 As to instruct them how to find, and where
 There dwelt some grave profound philosopher;
 Although the impudent request imply'd
 That he was none, without concern, or pride,
 Or the least shew of anger, led them thence
 To those who sold philosophy for pence,
 Who publicly possess'd it as a trade,
 And a good handsome income by it made.

LXVIII.

When men of shallow heads themselves advance
 Above their usual pitch of ignorance,
 To talk of maxims and of rules; forbear
 To interpose your sense, or meddle there.

Why should you laugh at this, or that confute?
 For what are you concern'd in the dispute?
 What reason, or what obligation lies
 On you to hinder them from seeming wise?
 Besides, to be too much inclin'd to speak,
 Shews your mind's constitution to be weak;
 Your very love of talking doth declare
 How ill your principles digested are,
 And that you do not practise what you know,
 As vomiting doth a weak stomach show.
 O, but perhaps you fancy, that they may
 Construe your silence, ignorance, and say
 That you know nothing; well suppose they do,
 If patiently you bear it, know that you
 Have the great work begun, you now begin
 To feel your precepts strengthen you within.
 'Tis your behaviour that can best express
 The well digested maxims you profess:
 Thus well fed sheep do not cast up their meat,
 To satisfy their shepherd what they eat,
 But what they eat, and inwardly digest,
 By fatness, fleece, and milk, they manifest.

LXIX.

If you have learn'd to live on homely food,
 To feed on roots, and lupines, be not proud,
 Since ev'ry beggar may be prais'd for that,
 He eats as little, is as temperate:
 So if you drink cold water, and abstain
 From all such liquors as affect the brain,
 Why should you seek occasions to declare
 How moderate, how abstemious you are?
 For what advantage by it can you gain,
 If in your sober cups you still are vain?
 Would you innure yourself to undergo
 The wrath of winter, play with frost and snow;

Let it not be in public, nor embrace
 Cold marble statues in the market-place :
 But would you to the very height aspire
 Of bearing much, first bridle your desire
 Of being prais'd ; take water in your mouth
 When your parch'd vitals almost crack with drought,
 And in the very pangs of thirst restrain,
 And without boasting spit it out again.

LXX.

The hopes and fears of a plebeian's mind
 To outward objects only are confin'd ;
 Riches and pleasures are his chief delight,
 The prizes which engage his appetite :
 These he thinks make him fortunate, if won,
 And if he fail, he's ruin'd and undone ;
 Nor has the sordid, thoughtless thing, a sense
 Of a more noble inward excellence.
 But the philosopher's exalted soul
 No little outward trifles can controul ;
 No promis'd joy, nor fear his mind affects,
 His good and ill he from himself expects ;
 Secure within himself, he can despise
 The gaities that charm the vulgar's eyes,
 And accidents, which weaker minds surprise.

LXXI.

Such, and so differing is the character
 Of the plebeian and philosopher.
 Now the proficient, he that labours on
 Towards perfection, by these signs is known ;
 He no man blames, he no man doth condemn,
 He praiseth not himself, nor other men,
 Boasts not the greatness of his parts, nor shews
 On every light occasion all he knows ;
 Or if some rub or hinderance he find
 In any enterprize he had design'd,

He blames himself; if prais'd, he can despise
 The fulsome dawber, and his flatteries;
 If blam'd, he doth not study a defence,
 Lest he be carried on with vehemence:
 As men, who lately have been sick, take care
 Lest they relapse, and venture not too far,
 Till they be perfectly restor'd; so he
 Declines the making an apology,
 Lest he should be too eagerly concern'd,
 Before his strength of mind be well confirm'd
 All his desires and his aversions fall
 Only on things which he his own can call;
 And as to things, in his own choice and will,
 His appetite he rules with caution still:
 What the world judgeth him, he values not,
 Whether philosopher or idiot;
 In short, he o'er himself is as a spy,
 He o'er his actions keeps a watchful eye,
 As he would watch a knave, or enemy.

LXXII.

Doth any man look big, and boast that he
 Doth understand Chrysippus thoroughly,
 That he hath digg'd the mine, and found the gold,
 That he his darkest precepts can unfold;
 Say thus within yourself; 'Why what pretence
 ' Would this man have to merit, if the sense
 ' Of what Chrysippus writ were plain? but I
 ' Would study nature, and my thoughts apply
 ' To follow her; but who shall lead me on,
 ' And shew the way? 'Tis time that I were gone,
 ' Having made this enquiry, when I hear
 ' Chrysippus is the best interpreter,
 ' I the dark author straightway take in hand,
 ' But his hard writings do not understand;

' I find him difficult, abstruse, profound,
 ' I some one seek, who his vast depth can found;
 ' After much search I find him, but as yet,
 ' I have accomplish'd nothing that is great,
 ' 'Till I begin to practise what I sought;
 ' What he explains, what great Chrysippus taught;
 ' Then, and then only, is the garland won,
 ' For practice is the prize for which we run.
 ' If knowledge be the bound of my desire,
 ' If learning him be all that I admire,
 ' If I applaud myself, because I can
 ' Explain Chrysippus, a grammarian,
 ' Instead of a philosopher, I grow;
 ' For what I should have done, I only know:
 ' Here's all the difference between him, and me,
 ' Chrysippus I expound, and Homer he:
 ' All that I have achiev'd is to explain,
 ' What great Chrysippus writ, and blush for shame }
 ' That knowing what he taught, I still am vain. }

LXXIII.

To these great rules with constancy adhere
 With noble resolutions, pious fear;
 Fear to recede from these, as you would dread
 To tear the sacred garland from the head
 Of awful Jove, or wickedly deny
 To pay your vows made to the deity:
 And mind not what the thoughtless vulgar say,
 Whose words the winds blow with rank fogs away,
 Whose calumnies you can no more prevent,
 Than chain those roarers of the element,
 When with their airy wings they beat the plain,
 And buffet the green surges of the main.

LXXIV.

Awake, awake, how long will you decline
 The happiness propos'd, and waste your time?

How long, through sloth, will you persist to fligh,
 What reason hath inform'd you to be right?
 You have receiv'd the precepts, such as may
 Guide you the safest, and the surest way,
 To which you ought to have, and have agreed:
 What other teacher seem you now to need?
 Do you expect that some descending god
 Should leave his blest and heavenly abode,
 To finish what your reason hath begun,
 To teach you what e'er this you might have done?
 Your giddy years of frolick youth are fled,
 Manhood, that should be wise, reigns in its stead;
 Your vig'rous reason now hath reach'd its prime,
 But from its full meridian must decline,
 If lazily you sleep away your noon,
 The night steals on you, and finds nothing done:
 If still irresolute you love delay,
 And spend whole years in fixing on a day,
 And when 'tis come, new resolutions make,
 Which your neglect resolves but to forsake,
 You strive to grow more foolish than you are,
 And for grey dotage by degrees prepare;
 A mere plebeian to the grave you go,
 Laden with age, with follies, and with woe:
 Wherefore begin, let no delays defer
 The peaceful life of a philosopher;
 And let what reason tells you to be best,
 Be as a law, that may not be transgress'd.
 Begin to live, let your behaviour shew
 What an advantage 'tis to think and know:
 For this alone we life may justly term,
 To live with ease of mind, without concern.
 An hundred years in grief and anguish spent,
 Are not long life, but a long punishment; (breath
 For sighs, complaints, and groans, and mur'm'ring
 Are but the gasps of a more ling'ring death.

Therefore whene'er you any object meet,
 Whose force is pow'rful and whose charms are sweet,
 When you encounter hardships, danger, pain,
 Immortal ignominy, deathless fame,
 Remember that th' Olympicks now are come,
 That you no longer may the combat shun,
 On this one trial doth your doom depend,
 You in one moment fail, or gain your end,
 You either conquer, or are conquer'd soon,
 And lose, or wear the honours of the crown.

Thus Socrates advanc'd his lasting name,
 Thus he the wond'rous Socrates became;
 Him nothing but right reason e'er could sway,
 Which he believ'd 'twas glorious to obey;
 He all delay, in what seem'd best, thought base,
 Not only real loss, but vile disgrace.
 And you (though yet you have not the success
 To reach the wisdom of great Socrates)
 Should strive to live as if you meant to be
 As wise, as happy, and as great as he.

LXXV.

Philosophy's most useful part is this,
 Which shews us what a wise man's duty is,
 Which teacheth what we should pursue or fly;
 As for example, that we should not lye.
 The next is demonstration, that which shews
 By argument, which from right reason flows;
 Why we, who study nature, ought to shun
 The baseness of a false, deceitful tongue.
 The third is what confirms, gives force and light,
 And proves the demonstration to be right,
 Shews where the contradiction lies in sense,
 What is, what is not a true consequence,
 Of truth and falshood gives clear evidence.
 This last is useful, for the second, that,
 By reason, puts an end to all debate

Touching the first, but that's the part that claims
 (As being the most useful) the most pains ;
 On which we safely may rely, and rest
 Secure of happiness, entirely blest :
 But we, O base neglect! the means pursue
 Of doing well, but still forget to do,
 We dwell on the dispute, our time is spent
 Only in framing of the argument;
 Hence 'tis we lye, and with much art and skill,
 Act what we can demonstrate to be ill.

LXXVI.

In every action which you undertake,
 With great Cleanthes this petition make :
 ' Lead me, O Jove! and thou, O pow'rful fate,
 ' In ev'ry enterprize, in ev'ry state,
 ' As you determine, for I must obey
 ' The wise injunctions which you on me lay :
 ' For should I at your dread decrees repine,
 ' And strive your sacred orders to decline,
 ' I should but labour wickedly in vain,
 ' And struggle with an everlasting chain,
 ' And, after all, be dragg'd along with pain.' }

LXXVII.

Think on this saying of Euripides,
 ' He that submits to destiny's decrees,
 ' Is justly counted wise by men, and knows
 ' The due respects which to the gods he owes.

LXXVIII.

And this, O Socrates, 'till aged time
 Shall be no more, 'till stars shall cease to shine, }
 Shall never be forgotten, for 'tis thine. }
 ' O Crito, if the gods decree that I,
 ' T'appease the rage of enemies, must die,
 ' Let it be so, the false Anytus may, }
 ' With false Melitus, take my life away, }
 ' But cannot hurt me, or my soul dismay.'

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